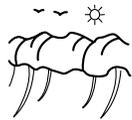


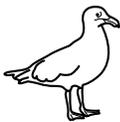
**The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls**



by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



The tide rises, the tide falls,



The twilight darkens, the curlew calls,



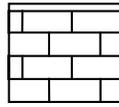
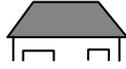
Along the sea-sands damp and brown,



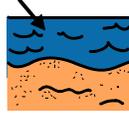
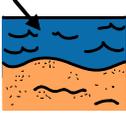
The traveler hastens toward the town,



**And the tide rises, the tide falls.**



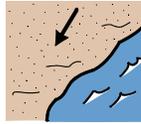
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,



But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls,



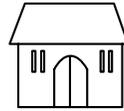
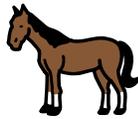
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,



Efface the footprints in the sands,



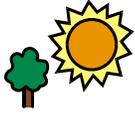
**And the tide rises, the tide falls.**



The morning breaks; the horses in their stalls



Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;



The day returns, but nevermore



Returns the traveler to the shore,



15 **And the tide rises, the tide falls.**